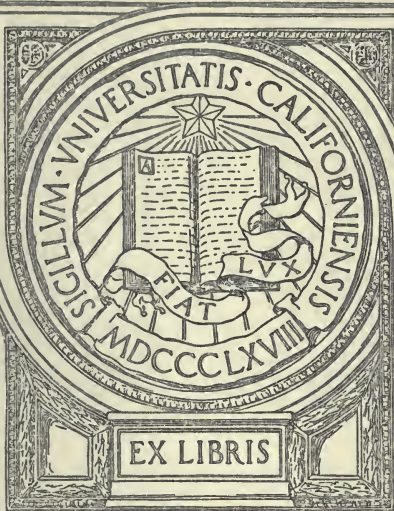


ABE  
MARTIN'S  
ALMANACK  
FOR 1909



KIN HUBBARD



EX LIBRIS





***Abe Martin's Almanack***



# Abe Martin's Almanack

*By Kin Hubbard*

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- History of the Days . . . . . Prof. Alex Tansey  
An agreeable mixture of the romantic and didactic
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Heroism and hardships of the frontier editor
- The Only Hotel in Town . . . . . Lafayette Bud  
A stirring narrative with several character studies
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Lesser lights of the drama that have thrilled the rural playgoer
- Scattered Observations . . . . . Abe Martin  
Short paragraphs covering a multitude of subjects  
And many anecdotes and essays bearing on the  
seasonable changes

## ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



Abe Martin Publishing Company  
Indianapolis

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1909

***To Thomas Edwin Hubbard***

Whose vocal gifts endear him to all our flat  
and who, wise beyond his one year, holds the  
chair of philosophy in the Abe Martin night  
school of tranquil thought.

M222432



Thanks are due to  
The Indianapolis News for permission to  
republish much of the material  
in this volume



# Abe Martin

of Brown County, Indiana



The artist, Kin Hubbard, 's so keerless  
He draws Abe 'most eyeless and earless;  
But he's never yit pictured him cheerless  
Er with fun 'at he tries to conceal—  
Whuther onto the fence er clean over  
A-rootin' up ragweed er clover,  
Skeert stiff at some "Rambler" er "Rover"  
Er new fangled automobileel.

—James Whitcomb Riley



***Abe Martin's Almanack***





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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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## THE FIRST ALMANACK

*By* MISS GERM WILLIAMS

The first almanack printed in Europe was probably the *Kalendarium Novum* and was gotten up by a chap named Regiomontanus. It was published at Buda, Hungary. It sold readily for ten crowns of gold, the publisher getting nine crowns and a half out of a possible ten. This was in 1475, so it will be seen that even at that early period the impression prevailed among publishers that an author cared little or nothing for money.

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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Many a woman wouldn't recognize her husband if she saw him in congenial society.



Th' first thing t' turn green in th' spring is Christmus jewelry.

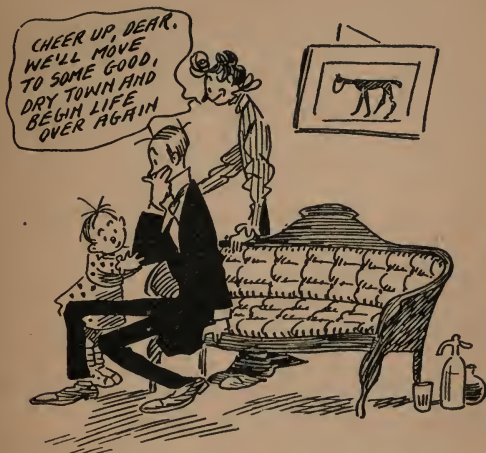


What is it that likes t' shop all day an' never closes th' car door?



Folks that used t' go home when they couldn't go nowheres else now go t' th' five-cent the-aters.

# January



Black Janiveer starts the world off anew,  
Good resolutions and breakovers, too.

## HISTORY OF THE DAYS

Including Popular Festivals and Holidays; Matters Bearing on the Seasonable Changes; Notable Events and Customs; Biographies and Anecdotes; a Mingling of the Agreeable and Instructive.

By PROFESSOR ALEXANDER TANSEY

A young Roman named Numa Pompilius made January the first month of the year, adding two months to the ten into which the year had previously been divided, thus making the present complete series of seasonable changes.

Friday

1

Saturday

2

# Abe Martin's Almanack



PROF. ALEX TANSEY

The merry-making on New Year's Eve and New Year's Day dates far back beyond the time of Queen Anne. One of the most popular styles of celebration was for the head of the house to assemble the family around a large oaken growler of spiced booze. After each member became thoroughly soused the word that passed among them was the old Saxon phrase "wass hael" (to your health!). The

poorer classes crowded the downtown ale houses and as the hour grew late they passed into the Sunday room and continued the festivities till the sun appeared over the brow of the hill, when they reeled home.

In our own country today the same manner of observance obtains in no small degree, all stiffness of age, profession and rank loosening up. Many of us look back over the year just closed, and sum up all that we have stood for, all that we have licked up, things that we have done or neglected in that regretted time and resolve to hit the straight and narrow trail and save a little money for food and clothing.

---

# January

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The first Monday following the twelfth day of January is Plow Monday. It is strictly a rustic Festival and marks the end of the Christmas holiday season.



January fourteen is St. Hilary's Day and marks the greatest frost of all time. On this day, in 1205, began a frost that continued till the twenty-second day of March, beans selling per quarter at a half a mark.



On January twenty-first comes St. Agnes' Eve, which was originally set aside as a holiday, or eve, for the women folk and girls.

<b>Sunday</b> 3
<b>Monday</b> 4
<b>Tuesday</b> 5
<b>Wednesday</b> 6
<b>Thursday</b> 7
<b>Friday</b> 8
<b>Saturday</b> 9

When writing home for money please mention Abe Martin's Almanack.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

There's never any false bottom in a peck o' trouble.



Th' hard times is puttin' hoarded money in circulation. A feller up at Hartford City wants t' sell a fifty-cent piece that wuz made in 1810.

---

# January

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

CONDUCTED BY MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT

Is it proper to accept an invitation to go to the theater from a young man you despise?

Carmen.

Answer—Yes, if the play is uplifting.

I have a retreating chin. What must I do?

Zaza.

Answer—Place either hand over it constantly while in public.

How may I bring the bloom to my cheeks for at least two hours at a time?

Belle.

Answer—Rub them severely for one hour with a potato brush. The bloom will often last until after the curtain goes up and in some instances until the middle of the first act.

Sunday
10
Monday
11
Tuesday
12
Wednesday
13
Thursday
14
Friday
15
Saturday
16



MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT  
Reciting "CURFEW"



---

# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

---

I am so anxious to become a great actress.  
Is a girl safe on the stage? Helene.

Answer—Yes, if she stays on.

Is roller skating elevating? Grace.

Answer—Yes, for the floor manager.

Is it proper to ask the young man you intend to marry how large his salary is? Myrt.

Answer—If you are bright and tactful there are many ways you may arrive at a fair idea without causing your intended to perjure himself.

Can you suggest some harmless remedy for a warped view of life? Kenneth.

Answer—Don't let me forget to mail you, sealed and free of all cost, a booklet explaining how you can muff your wife's first biscuits.

Is it proper to ask a young man to call that you met in a skating rink? Louise.

Answer—It all depends on what system you are using.

How may I avoid an India tint complexion and sleep late and eat baking powder biscuits? Vera.

Answer—We do not furnish addresses.

How shall I make a one-egg meringue? Thrifty.

Answer—Use one egg.



---

# January

---

Miss Germ Williams is makin' great headway with her school work. She kin almost read th' signature t' a typewritten letter.



It takes a general t' git along happily with a well-off wife.

Sunday 17
Monday 18
Tuesday 19
Wednesday 20
Thursday 21
Friday 22
Saturday 23

January 20, 1908—Army circles shocked.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Th' dope fiends o' Indynoplus er goin' t' make a display o' fancy needle work at th' State Fair next fall.



You never git what you want fer Christmus after you grow up.



Miss Tawney Apple wrote her name on a egg a year ago yisterday, an' t'day she got a letter from a actor dated at Upper Sandusky, Ohio.



On account o' th' panic young Lafe Bud's baby is cuttin' his teeth on certified checks.



A real statesman kin talk without mussin' his hair.

---

# January

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Pinky Kerr says he kin remember when they used t' line derby hats like a coffin.



Young Lafe Bud has dropped out o' th' K. of P.'s an' joined a suit club.

<b>Sunday</b> 24
<b>Monday</b> 25
<b>Tuesday</b> 26
<b>Wednesday</b> 27
<b>Thursday</b> 28
<b>Friday</b> 29
<b>Saturday</b> 30



A village reporter actually balancing on a regulation safety bicycle while he jots down the muddy condition of the streets.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Mart Beasley always takes a couple o' eggs an' a bean blower when he goes t' th' the-ater. He went t' school at Ann Arbor.



Th' safest way t' double your money is t' fold it over once an' put it in your pocket.



Ther' haint no health resorts fer a guilty conscience.



Th' only way t' entertain some folks is t' talk to 'em 'bout themselves.



If everbuddy thought before they spoke ther' wouldn' be enough noise in this world t' scare a jaybird.

*January*

Every allowance within reason should be made fer th' father o' a baby boy.



I wonder if the time'll ever come agin  
when steak for supper will be a mere  
episode?



Once in a long time you find enough relatives on speakin' terms t' hold a family reunion.

[illegible]

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Did you ever notice how a feller smiles after he's put a lot o' relatives on th' train fer home?



You can't git away from yourself by walkin' out in th' country.



Th' feller that kin drink a quart without showin' it haint in it with th' feller that kin show a quart without drinkin' it.



An ole granny is a feller that hangs his hat in th' same place th' year 'round.

# February



Bleak February, dreary and gray,  
If it be Leap Year, has a twenty-ninth  
day.

February comes in like a big,  
husky country girl with a tinge  
of red on her cheek that looks  
as though it might have been  
placed there with a stencil.  
Sometimes she seems to shrink,  
and at other times she seems  
to push forward as if followed  
by a drummer.



In this country the second  
day of February is called  
Ground Hog Day. On this date  
the little animal peeps out of  
his home on the hillside after  
his long winter's sleep. If the  
weather is dark and threaten-  
ing he emerges and walks  
about his home premises and

Monday  
1

Tuesday  
2

Wednesday  
3

Thursday  
4

Friday  
5

Saturday  
6

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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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gets things ready for the spring rush—the farmer taking this activity as a sign of warm weather; if the day is bright and sunshiny the ground hog quickly retires at the first sight of his shadow. This, the farmer thinks, is an unmistakable sign of six more weeks of winter weather and he returns to his checker-board.



The fourteenth day of February is St. Valentine's Day, it is a much degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of anonymous letters by the humbler classes. In the earlier centuries the day was marked in a much different style, and many pretty customs made the anniversary notable; young dandies wishing to find favor with some fair damsel would cause to be placed under her notice large reels of poetry breathing a profession of strong attachment in every line and honeyed throughout with compliments to her various perfections. It was an easy matter for a long-haired, sentimental chap that was handy with a pen to win out the pride of the village in those days. The system of today is widely different. Most any young snip with a well-creased suit of clothes and some nerve can accomplish ten times as much with a pair of theater tickets as the poetic lover of the fourteenth century could bring to pass with ten thousand miles of verse.



The twenty-second day of February is Washington's Birthday. It is generally observed by school children throughout the United States. Washington was our first President. He held on for two terms and refused the third. He did not have the genius of Julius Caesar or Napoleon Bona-



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# February

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parte, but he had a good private secretary and managed to get by in a manner entirely satisfactory to the people of his day.

George Washington never meddled in the municipal affairs of Cleveland, Ohio, nor double-crossed a country postmaster; he never bothered his head about the birth rate or called up an Associated Press representative every time the papers failed to contain something about him. Washington was a great general, too, on the side, and crossed the Delaware in a skiff and occasionally shot a little game for the house unaccompanied.

Sunday 7
Monday 8
Tuesday 9
Wednesday 10
Thursday 11
Friday 12
Saturday 13

February 10, 1908.—Army circles shocked.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

In selectin' a cantaloupe remember  
that beauty is only skin deep.



It's purty hard t' tell which sets th'  
worst table, a Bryan banquet or a Repub-  
lican love feast.

---

# February

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## THE ONLY HOTEL IN TOWN

BY LAFE BUD

The landlord of the only hotel in town wears his hat when he walks through the dining room and lives with his family in the pretty part of town; he has a shifty gaze and finds his amusement at home; he is a close contractor and buys his canned corn by the case and his boiling meat at catchweights; the only time he ever smiles is when some guest threatens to stop at the other hotel. His clerk is

a fellow that has failed at everything but penmanship. Behind the register he assumes the seriousness of



THE LANDLORD

one who has just written a history of the world. He likes to put a fancy date line in colored inks across the top of the register; he eats in a secluded corner of the dining room where the guests can not see his eggs and chats in an animated and gossipy manner with the fattest waitress. Aside from keeping the railroad time table in his noodle his is a lazy,

**Sunday**  
14

**Monday**  
15

**Tuesday**  
16

**Wednesday**  
17

**Thursday**  
18

**Friday**  
19

**Saturday**  
20

# Abe Martin's Almanack

careless existence free from all the brainracking responsibilities of life.

It is always impossible for a traveler to get

out of a one-hotel town under one day, and many tales of hardship are told by drummers who have been detained on account of railroad accidents



THE ONLY

or other causes. I remember an experience of my own in a northern Ohio village in 1898. I was selling spectacles and, of course, anxious

to get out of town as soon as possible. I had been at the only hotel in town for three hours and had gathered my luggage together and was approaching the clerk to settle when I felt a light tap on my shoulder. Wheeling about I stood face to face with the landlord. I shall never forget the



SEIZED WITH INDECISION

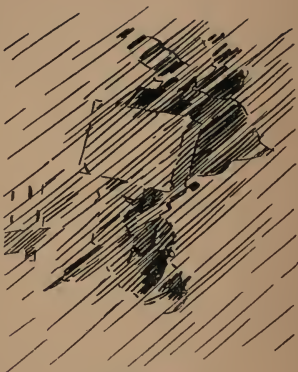
fiendish expression on his face as he told me in a low, chuckling voice that No. 18 had been abandoned and that I would be unable to get away before noon the following day.

---

# February

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When I recovered the landlord had fled, leaving me alone with the clerk. Watching my chance I slipped out through the ladies' entrance and stood for some moments in the shadow of a tree. A fierce blizzard was raging and had driven the few straggling villagers from the street into the pool room. With



ESCAPING

one bound I was beyond the city limits and running madly through the fine, blinding snow in a northerly direction. I soon fell exhausted and was picked up at Tiffin, Ohio, and carried to the nearest white settlement.

<b>Sunday</b> 21
<b>Monday</b> 22
<b>Tuesday</b> 23
<b>Wednesday</b> 24
<b>Thursday</b> 25
<b>Friday</b> 26
<b>Saturday</b> 27

## Abe Martin's Almanack

A sweet temper comes in handy dur-  
in' a hot spell.



Th' practice o' law is th' steppin' stone  
t' th' best farm in th' county.



Th' feller that talks 'bout th' weather  
haint knockin' some one, anyhow.



Th' first thing a boy should do after  
he graduates from school is t' begin t'  
repay his parents.



Th' well-dressed stranger that tried t'  
sell a lightnin' rod t' Tilford Moots yis-  
terday has been identified an' he belongs  
t' a well-t'-do family at Newcastle, that is,  
his father has never been arrested.

---

# February

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Too many fellers become lawyers jist t' git somethin' better.



It's a wise delegate that takes his badge off before he goes in a resturint er a barber shop.



Miss Fawn Lippincut waz up t' Indy-noplus on th' cars yisterday. She's gittin' t' be quite a traveler an' kin ride with th' window down.

Sunday 28



ABE MARTIN IN 1876



# Abe Martin's Almanack

Did you ever see a pompous feller  
step on a match?



Th' man that retires from business be-  
fore he dies soon gits in th' way.



Th' worst o' all th' optimists is th' fel-  
ler that thinks everything he has is th'  
best.



Constable Newt Plum's married daugh-  
ter treated her hired girl jist like a guest  
an' she stayed almost three weeks.



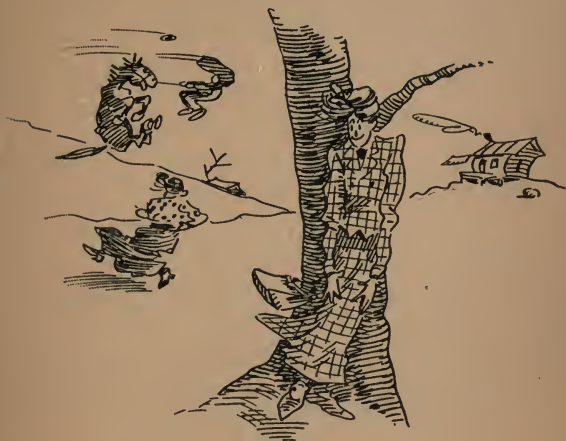
Tipton Bud is back from Denver an'  
he says it's a fine place t' visit if you've  
got relatives there an' shave yourself.



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# March

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Old windy March, first month of Spring,  
Flat dwellers grow restless and janitors sing.

**Monday**

**1**

**Tuesday**

**2**

**Wednesday**

**3**

**Thursday**

**4**

**Friday**

**5**

**Saturday**

**6**

March is the first month of Spring and the farmer begins to wonder how many circus tickets he will be able to pull down for allowing his barn to be decorated with flaring posters. In the country village the children romp on the green while the older folk gather in front of the postoffice and discuss the forward season, the prospects for a full crop of dandelions, how they have battled through the long, hard winter, and, in speaking of the cost of living, they talk in low whispers. Huddling still closer together they ask one another

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

---

what is meant by the physical valuation of railroads. Spring plowing soon relegates great national issues to the rear and a long, hot season of toil confronts our country friends.



The fourth day of March, every four years, is Inauguration Day at Washington, D. C. It is a one-sided celebration in that only one-half of the country warms up to it. Generally on that day a Republican President either succeeds himself or some other Republican in spite of the popular vote of the country. Occasionally a Democrat takes advantage of the low rates and pays a visit to relatives in Baltimore.



The Seventeenth day of March is St. Patrick's Day. St. Patrick was born about the year 372 and stolen by pirates at the age of sixteen and sold into slavery in Ireland. His career was a notable one in many respects but the thing that brought him everlasting distinction was driving the snakes out of Ireland. This he did by beating a drum, striking it with such fervor that it sprained his wrist. St. Patrick did not care for brass as he could not smoke and play at one and the same time.

---

# March

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A promoter is a sort of a well-dressed hobo.



For most people a vacation is only a change o' venue.

<b>Sunday</b> 7
<b>Monday</b> 8
<b>Tuesday</b> 9
<b>Wednesday</b> 10
<b>Thursday</b> 11
<b>Friday</b> 12
<b>Saturday</b> 13

March 9, 1908.—Army circles shocked.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

A actor allus gits married on th' day  
he gits a divorce.



If your wife likes th' same folks you  
do it makes it some easier.



Th' next thing we know th' patent  
medicine people will form a liver pool.



Th' time fer a brass band t' play an'  
folks t' give flowers is when somebuddy  
gits well an' not when they don't.



Th' feller that enjoys a little promi-  
nence in his own town thinks everbuddy  
he meets away from home ought t' know  
'bout it.

---

# March

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## TIME

BY TELL BINKLEY

Time is one of those things which can not be defined. We only become sensible of it through life insurance premiums, toward which it may therefore be said to bear a relation and through which means we are able to associate it. The life of a well constituted man will, under fair circumstances, last seventy years, though writers of patent medicine literature cite many instances where the one hundred mark has been reached through close observance of the directions. The illustrations accompanying these statistics almost invariably show the venerable subject as being possessed

of deep set eyes at no great distance apart, and neatly trimmed chin whiskers with the hair line dropped at least one inch from the lower lip, the intervening space being kept closely mowed. These well "preserved" old fellows always live off the railroad, somewhere in Minnesota or Wisconsin.

Sunday 14
Monday 15
Tuesday 16
Wednesday 17
Thursday 18
Friday 19
Saturday 20

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Home is th' best lodge an' th' obligation is the purtiest an' simplest in th' world.



Miss Tawney Apple says that ever time she sees an ugly married woman she wonders how her father made his money.

---

# March

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You can't make a punctured friendship as good as new.



A married man would rather eat at a hut-tel anytime but he won't admit it.



Some fellers can't go out o' town fer a day without buyin' a red, white an' blue cane.

Sunday 21
Monday 22
Tuesday 23
Wednesday 24
Thursday 25
Friday 26
Saturday 27

# Abe Martin's Almanack

I wish somebuddy would make a new Republican speech.



A delegate allus walks by a resturint three times before he goes in.



It often happens that a feller's usefulness ends when his salary is raised.



A Californy man can't make a speech without boostin' th' natural resources of his state.



Uncle Niles Turner's nephew from Rockville is visitin' at his home an' eatin' at th' hut-tel.



---

# March

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If ther's anything in a name a cigar manufacturer'll git it out.



Uncle Ez Pash has voted th' Dimmy-cratic ticket free o' charge all his life.



It must be nice t' live in th' city an' understand lawn mower jokes an' pick your milk off th' window sill.

Sunday 28
Monday 29
Tuesday 30
Wednesday 31

# Abe Martin's Almanack

A tireless party worker is a feller that's got t' make a livin' somehow.



There seems t' be enough people that pretend t' like grand opery t' make it pay.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says that when she feels discouraged an' all down an' out she jist thinks o' th' Thaw family an' cheers up.



Th' feller that paints his name on th' under side o' his umbrella never fergits his change.

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# April

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Uncertain April, sunshine and showers, Soggy wet stockings and faded silk flowers.

<b>Thursday</b> 1
<b>Friday</b> 2
<b>Saturday</b> 3

In the ancient Alban calendar, where the year was represented as consisting of ten months of irregular lengths, April stood first with thirty-six days. When Numa Pompilius framed up a calendar he placed April in fourth place with twenty-nine days and so it remained until Julius Cæsar's attention was called to it. He ordered a lot of new calendars struck off and April appeared thereon with thirty days.



The first day of April is All Fools' Day and is consecrated to practical fooling in various

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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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countries. The literature of the last century makes many allusions to the practices of the day. One journal says, "And so a bunch of giggling servant maids despatched a simple swain to the florist's for a crown's worth of electric light bulbs, etc., etc." It is quite popular in this country for ultra jocular persons to carry out some silly hoax on the unsuspecting and the day is often fraught with much merriment.



April twenty-third is St. George's Day. If Gibbon's history of St. George may be trusted he was a toady and a four-flusher of the most finished type. He stalled around about 303, and in all the wide domain of the mythical, nothing has ever approached the preposterousness of his dragon story.



Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or the next day after the twenty-first day of March; if the moon happens to be full on Sunday, Easter Day is the next Sunday thereafter. It is one of three great Festivals of the Christian year, the other two being Christmas and Whitsuntide.

The old Easter customs that still linger vary considerably in form in different parts of the world. Egg-rolling, lifting and heaving, church going, parading, drinking and ball playing all come in for their share of attention. In this country it is considered quite an accomplishment to eat fifteen hard-boiled eggs at one sitting or to appear on the street clad in everything new, including a parasol. For a husband and wife to appear together thus arrayed is the cause for much speculation.

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# April

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A feller is often called thrifty when he's really broke.



Th' feller that don't think o' nothin' but money kin always turn t' his relatives fer sympathy.

<b>Sunday</b> 4
<b>Monday</b> 5
<b>Tuesday</b> 6
<b>Wednesday</b> 7
<b>Thursday</b> 8
<b>Friday</b> 9
<b>Saturday</b> 10



A village reporter accosting a total stranger and securing a splendid item for the society page.

## Abe Martin's Almanack

Two kin live cheaper than one—but  
that one never happens t' be th' feller  
you've married.



A pocket piece is th' nickel you hold  
out on your butcher t' ride home on  
when it rains.

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# April

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## THE ICE-CREAM CONE vs. THE LEGITIMATE CHANNELS OF TRADE

By EX-CASHIER TELL BINKLEY

Owing to the tendency of the times it is peculiarly difficult to foresee with any degree of accuracy what may happen in 1909. The year will undoubtedly contain the usual twelve months and will comprise the latter part of the 133d and the beginning of the 134th year of American Independence and New Year's Day will be the 2,417,579th day since the beginning of the Julian Period.

While it is generally conceded that the business stagnation which is general the country over as I write has been brought about by the

President's crusade against dishonesty in high places, I have at hand many expressions to the contrary by a multitude of distinguished thinkers and men well up in the councils of the

nation. It is the opinion of some that the gulf stream is changing its course; that the



MR. BINKLEY

<b>Sunday</b> 11
<b>Monday</b> 12
<b>Tuesday</b> 13
<b>Wednesday</b> 14
<b>Thursday</b> 15
<b>Friday</b> 16
<b>Saturday</b> 17



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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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ice cream cone is taking millions out of the legitimate channels of trade; that the moral wave is causing many more thousands to be taken from the tills of the rumshops and conveying them into the hands of poverty stricken mothers and children, who in turn place them with the nickel theater; that the abolition of the saloon in many localities has only caused many men to tighten up that paid their bills when flushed with wine. In these calculations the argument is also made that the growing disposition to own an automobile after making only one payment is in no small degree causing much uneasiness in business circles. Our panic has been a deplorable thing and to my own knowledge no less than eighteen hundred people were caught that had just made their first payment on a rug or piano. What will become of them unless confidence is restored is only to be conjectured.

In the face of all the complications of the present time I do not deem it advisable to offer any prognostications bearing either on earthly or astronomical affairs.



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# April

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Th' feller that leads a parade allus has  
t' borrow a hat.



Many a feller has killed his chances  
by wearin' a plug hat.



It's nice t' live in a little town, where  
even a cow kin git her name in th'  
paper.

Sunday 18
Monday 19
Tuesday 20
Wednesday 21
Thursday 22
Friday 23
Saturday 24

April 21, 1908—Army circles  
shocked.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

It's purty hard t' be interestin' without embellishin' th' truth a little.



Mrs. Tipton Bud is gittin' t' be quite a writer. She sent three recipes t' th' newspapers last week that showed marked literary ability.



Misses Tawney Apple and Fawn Lip-pincut went t' Indynoplus t' see th' Red Mill an' set as close t' th' stage as if they'd been newspaper people.



Ther is so many empty houses up at Indynoplus that th' owners are gittin' so desperate that ther offerin' t' repaper th' hall with any four-cent pattern within reason t' th' right tenant.

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# April

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Th' bank scare down our way has caused a spade famine at th' hardware store.



A nickelodeon pianner player has been known t' go five days without food er water.



Th' ole fashioned girl that used t' make initial hat linin's fer th' boys by lamp light after school has long since settled down, an', although she is blind, she has only th' fondest memories o' th' past.

<b>Sunday</b> <b>25</b>
<b>Monday</b> <b>26</b>
<b>Tuesday</b> <b>27</b>
<b>Wednesday</b> <b>28</b>
<b>Thursday</b> <b>29</b>
<b>Friday</b> <b>30</b>

# Abe Martin's Almanack

It takes years o' idleness t' become a good checker player.



There wuz a row up t' th' band room last night over th' campaign scale an' th' boys finally come t' blows.

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# May

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Bright smiling May, pink rhubarb and  
greens,  
We long for the forests, meadows and  
streams.

It is pretty hard for people that have to move on the first day of May to associate any sentiment with the month in spite of the poet's songs of hawthorn blossoms and night-ingales. It is all right to read about "the dim figure of the angler, clad in gray, moving through the white mist that still lingers beside the river," but what most of us are interested in is how to get the mahogany chiffonier down three flights of stairs and up four without knocking off the glass knobs.

**Saturday**

**1**

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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

---

In the olden times in rural England the May Day festivals, according to report, were most beautiful spectacles. Then the May Queen, the pick of the village beauties, arrayed in floral splendor, sat within a vine-clad arbor with a garland of poppies thrown carelessly across her knees, a crown of violets on her brow and her fingers crossed. She was the whole thing and as she watched the gaily bedecked dancers with a critical eye as they hopped around the May pole many a knock went up among them.



There is a natural eagerness to hail May as a summer month, but it is well to remember the poet's words and act accordingly. Says he—meaning underwear—

“Change not the clout  
’Till May is out.”

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# May

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## KATE BENDER ✓

In the early seventies the Bender family lived in a lonely spot in Labette County, Kansas, but not by agriculture. Their modest cabin lay flush with the old California trail, many miles from any other human habitation. To the weary traveler it loomed up like a skyscraper against the western horizon as he trudged along in the soft light of the closing day. The pride of the

Bender family was Kate, an only daughter.

Kate had a low, thick brow and a massive chin and she could sniff a victim many hours before he knocked at the door for food and shelter. Seated before the hearthfire's ruddy glow the stranger would impart the latest news of the Greeley campaign and other matters back in the states while Kate rolled up her sleeves and stole upon him from the rear with her dogwood maul. Long before the cock's first salutation to the morn, the guest, stripped of his valuables, lay buried in the kitchen garden. After several successful seasons



"KATE"

<b>Sunday</b> 2
<b>Monday</b> 3
<b>Tuesday</b> 4
<b>Wednesday</b> 5
<b>Thursday</b> 6
<b>Friday</b> 7
<b>Saturday</b> 8

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## ***Abe Martin's Almanack***

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Kate went East where she was wooed and won, and spent the evening of her life in the quiet and peace of her home, refusing many flattering offers to go on the stage.



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# May

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Uncle Mort Hickman, nearly ninety-eight, after cuttin' and splittin' four cords o' wood yisterday afternoon, wuz found frozen stiff in th' lane leadin' t' th' house by his four sons, who had been attendin' a billiard tournament.



In th' good ol' perlitical campaigns back in th' 70's a feller worried more about where his next torch full o' coal oil wuz comin' from than he did about th' issues.

<b>Sunday</b> 9
<b>Monday</b> 10
<b>Tuesday</b> 11
<b>Wednesday</b> 12
<b>Thursday</b> 13
<b>Friday</b> 14
<b>Saturday</b> 15



A village editor writing a stinging editorial on predatory wealth.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

In th' winter th' end seat hog stands  
on th' rear platform with two suitcases.



After a country egg gits away from th'  
gentle influences o' home it soon falls in  
with a bad lot.



Lots o' people insist on eatin' with a  
knife that wuz born with a silver spoon  
in their mouth.



Th' President that can't save enough  
out o' his salary t' retire on haint got as  
much sense as a councilman.



Aldrich Moon an' Tipton Bud have  
bought their garden seeds in partnership  
an' this summer they'll have split peas.

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## May

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Some fellers lose everthing thro' bad management an' others go t' law.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says somebuddy ought t' invent a wireless mustache.



Al Johnson talks o' sellin' his farm an' movin' t' town where there's some place t' loaf.

Sunday 16
Monday 17
Tuesday 18
Wednesday 19
Thursday 20
Friday 21
Saturday 22

May 19, 1908 — Army circles shocked.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

It wuz mighty cold passin' th' church Sunday.



Newt Plum's married dorter, up at Indynoplus, says it's poor economy t' cook beets with 90-cent gas.



Th' weddin' over at th' Tilford Moots farm went off without a hitch Saturday night. Th' bridegroom didn' show up.



Tipton Bud is a great Bryan man. He says no other feller in th' party kin approach him, an' Ez Pash says, that's th' trouble.



Mr. Mooty Spray is th' new clerk at th' Palace. He combs his hair like an acrobat an' is very pop'lar with th' trav-elin' public.

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# May

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Pendycitis keeps off life insurance agents.



After a girl gits her picture in a photographer's window she haint much help t' her mother.



Pinky Kerr wuz arrested in Indynoplus last week. He picked up an<sup>d</sup> Indianny novel an' couldn't put it down.

Sunday 23
Monday 24
Tuesday 25
Wednesday 26
Thursday 27
Friday 28
Saturday 29

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Th' salaried man laughs last.



Heads or tails, th' fur dealer always wins.



In panicky times never bank on anything you hear.



We're allus disappointed when we see somebuddy we've heard so much about.



Milt Dunston is running his farm single-handed since he bought a corn shredder.



Th' hand that rocks th' cradle when th' card club meets also has somethin' t' do with keepin' th' world goin'.

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# May

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One bad thing 'bout interurban cars is that they fetch a lot o' people t' th' theater that don't git seated till nine o'clock.



Rural mail delivery has put a stop t' th' ole-fashioned farmer that used t' hitch in front o' th' hardware store an' spend some money.

Sunday 30
Monday 31

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Don't spend your money at home.  
Bring it down town.



'Bout th' biggest bore in th' business  
is th' feller that's jist got back from  
Chicago.



# June



Warm, leafy June and perspiring young brides,  
Grooms that are worthy and grooms that are snides.

June stands as the sixth month of the calendar and is marked by no real holidays or festivals. The Romans considered June the most propitious season of the year to take on new responsibilities.



When the warm spring evenings come and the air is heavy with the odor of the bursting buds, young lovers are wont to emerge from the stuffy confines of the well lighted parlor and quietly settle down in the friendly shadows of the veranda. The soft breath of the

**Tuesday**

**1**

**Wednesday**

**2**

**Thursday**

**3**

**Friday**

**4**

**Saturday**

**5**

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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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awakening season gently soothes their feverish brows while they whisper tender avowals of sincerest love. Long before the porch is entirely hidden by vines they are engaged and in June their wedding follows. Glorious June, with her flowers and leaves and excursion rates!



A hot, sticky wedding trip in June is a fine thing—all the way to Niagara Falls in a yellow day-coach. You are dressed in a tight, brownish-black suit and your shoulders are covered with dust; you are wearing a strange collar, too, and a large, brown stiff hat; your bride is pinned together in a blue traveling outfit of green mulle. The first thing that catches her eye at "the Falls" is the photo studio and you have your pictures taken—you are holding a cigar and wondering what they are doing at home, and your bride stands hard by with a pasteboard fan in her hand and her underskirt showing; she timidly whispers to you "not to forget to send one to Aunt Hattie what give us the berry spoon."

Long before you get back to your wife's home, where you will reside from now on, a thousand things bob up before you that you never dreamed of before. You wonder how long your position will endure; if you could ever catch even again after a siege of double typhoid fever; how you will adjust yourself to stogies and ready-to-wear garments; why you did not wait at least a year longer. The old happy past looms up, and you remember how you used to go home in the evening and put on everything clean and come down town and stand on the corner and smoke till it was

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# June

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dark enough to call on her; how you whistled all the way home and how pleasantly you answered your mother when she called to you not to scratch matches on the hall wall-paper. You look at your wife. She is fast asleep and a smile plays about her pretty mouth. Her little feet are cocked up on a suitcase and a half eaten piece of cream pie lies in her lap. She is dreaming of the future.

Sunday 6
Monday 7
Tuesday 8
Wednesday 9
Thursday 10
Friday 11
Saturday 12

June 9, 1908 — Army circles shocked.

## Abe Martin's Almanack

Kentucky has poor feud laws.



All th' world is a stage with Rocky-feller in th' box office an' Morgan on th' door.



Young Lafe Bud has had his hair cut pompydour an' he looks like a scared cattypiller.



A good many people are like ortomobiles—the cheaper they are the more noise they make.



Everbuddy gits in on prosperity. Th' feller with somethin' t' sell gits in good, an' th' feller with somethin' t' buy gits in bad.

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# June

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## THE STAGE ✓

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Some Notable Players Who Have Trod the Melodeon Hall Boards During the Current Season.

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BY MISS GERM WILLIAMS

No actress in our time has ever leaped into popular favor with the agility of Hattie LeClair. Our theater-goers will remember her great naturalness and poise with ever increasing fondness. As Myrtle, in "Marion Gray, or the Lost Heiress of Red Stone Hall," she grasped every requirement with determination and grace. It was my privilege during her engagement among us to sit directly behind

two grocery salesmen from Dayton, Ohio, and it was, indeed, a pleasure to note the effect Miss LeClair's acting had on them. One would naturally suppose that they would be calloused after seeing everything good in Union City, Sidney and Greenville, but such was far from being the case. They fairly raved over her acting, only going out once between acts. The climax of their excitement came during the scene



HATTIE LECLAIR  
AS MYRTLE

Sunday 13
Monday 14
Tuesday 15
Wednesday 16
Thursday 17
Friday 18
Saturday 19

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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in the fourth act between Myrtle and Jack Carrington, the young squire, when she spurns him in no uncertain terms, saying as she tossed his ring into the grass, "Sir, I would rather be a poor sewing machine girl all my life than accept a favor from you!" When Carrington struck his boot with his riding whip and started to strangle her, the two Dayton salesmen grabbed their hats and rushed up the center aisle for the stage door, vowing vengeance on the cowardly brute.

During Miss Le Clair's brief stay in our midst she hurriedly ran through the manuscript of Mr. Alex Tansey's play, "The Slaves of Catarrh," and pronounced it full of splendid possibilities.

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# June

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## GYPSY DE VERNON

For emotionalism, height, willowyness and volume, no actress seen at Melodeon Hall this season compares with Miss Gypsy De Vernon. She is blessed with all the requirements for the portrayal of the various emotional roles in her extensive repertoire and all are employed to their highest perfection and elegance. In "East Lynne, or the Elopement, an evening of ultimate laughter and tears," Miss De Vernon easily disarmed the



GYPSY DE VERNON  
AS ILL-STARRED  
LADY ISABELLE

<b>Sunday</b> 20
<b>Monday</b> 21
<b>Tuesday</b> 22
<b>Wednesday</b> 23
<b>Thursday</b> 24
<b>Friday</b> 25
<b>Saturday</b> 26

lowbrows in the gallery and caused much sobbing among some of our best people. As the wretched, ill-starred Lady Isabelle, she gave the character more beauty and girlish innocence than Mrs. Henry Wood ever dreamed of, and later, after her betrayal by that arch-villain, Sir Francis Levison, she



# Abe Martin's Almanack

assumed more agony of heart and paleness of despair than has been seen here in a decade.



ART SMILEY  
AS THE ARCH TRAITOR

Mr. Art Smiley, who essayed the difficult role of Sir Francis, is entitled to much praise for his splendid feats of contortion as the Frog Man, between the fourth and fifth acts. Miss Gypsy DeVernon is the wife of Mr. Milton Tyler, a prominent watchsmith of Givens, Nebraska, and their home life is ideal. While Miss DeVernon's engagement here attracted many of our people to Melodeon Hall, who expected to draw the barrel of

flour, it is safe to say that should she ever return, a full hall will greet her on her merits alone.



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# June

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## RALPH DE ARMOND

Ralph DeArmond, or Al Thomas, as he is known in private life at Vincennes, is a notable example of thrift and earnestness in the realm of stage people. Mr. DeArmond's first real experience in professional life was in 1880 at Wapakoneta, Ohio, when he filled the buckets for Calendar's Georgia Minstrels at the age of fifteen. His parents were in the grocery business but they had lofty ideals and all arrangements had been made to set him up in the clergy. One dark night, when, at the close of a performance of Jay Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin, he



RALPH DE ARMOND  
AS ST. CLAIR

did not return to his home, the awful truth dawned on them and young DeArmond was mourned as dead. That was the beginning of his splendid career. Early during the present season Mr. DeArmond appeared here with The Great Double Western Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly, Brass Band and Orchestra, and many of our people will recall his clear articulation when, as St. Clair in his scene with Aunt Ophelia, he spoke these lines: "Ah, good Aunt, I shall gather the first that grow in the garden," his voice filling every crevice

<b>Sunday</b> 27
<b>Monday</b> 28
<b>Tuesday</b> 29
<b>Wednesday</b> 30

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## ***Abe Martin's Almanack***

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in Melodeon Hall. Mr. DeArmond's pale, finely chiseled features stood out among the jubilee singers in a manner that impressed all. His great thoughtfulness and bearing even followed him into the orchestra pit, where he played the second violin, except during two scenes of the drama.

# July



Sultry July with her great celebrations, Firecrackers, music and young lawyers' orations.

By common consent all over the northern hemisphere, July is allowed to be the hottest month of all the year.



The day following the third day of this month is known as the Fourth of July in this country. It is the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which occurred on that date in 1776. Since that time it has been customary to celebrate the occasion throughout the United States. A salute is fired at sunrise, noon and evening from every fort, man-o'-war and courthouse yard in

**Thursday**

**1**

**Friday**

**2**

**Saturday**

**3**

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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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America on this day. In towns without court-houses it is fired anyway.



In communities where the saloon keepers and restaurant proprietors get together and work harmoniously the celebration is always a success. The band gets out and plays and the boys, decked out in their flashy uniforms, receive many a shy glance from the starched belles of the village and vicinity; the hook and ladder company makes a spurt or two up and down Main street and stacks on the public square while some member, clad in home-made "tights," climbs the ladder with all the agility of a squirrel. The greased pole contest is easily the most enjoyable event on the program and the crowd fairly takes on a purple hue from convulsive outbursts of laughter.

The speaker's stand is located exactly in the center of town in order that all of the storekeepers will have an equal chance. It is draped with cheap bunting and a picture of George Washington. The orator of the day is generally a young and struggling lawyer who had spoken for the honor months ahead—or at the time the saloon men first thought of having a celebration. He is arrayed in a glossy, tight-fitting Prince Albert and a white lawn tie, and when he rises to speak he shines like a trained seal. A number of early residents occupy seats on the stand and add materially to the tone and dignity of things. After trying to swallow a drink of water and nervously arranging his manuscript the orator opens up with a brief review of our country's progress, being careful not to mix in any politics. By the time his collar wilts and sinks out of sight he tackles the "Declaration," and the people walk away in twos and threes.

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# July

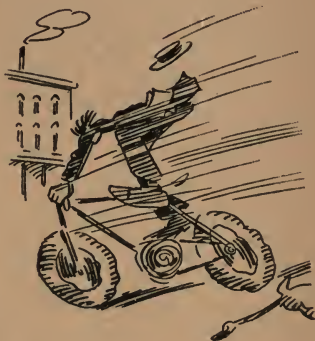
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At eight p. m. sharp, the destruction of "\$10,000 worth of fireworks," at a cost of \$12.00, begins from the roof of the People's Bank, and the jollifying continues till the last Roman candle has been dodged and nobody is left but the "night constable."



July fifteenth is St. Smithius' Day. If it rains on this day it will rain every day thereafter for forty days; and if it does not rain on this day it will be dry for forty days thereafter.

<b>Sunday</b> 4
<b>Monday</b> 5
<b>Tuesday</b> 6
<b>Wednesday</b> 7
<b>Thursday</b> 8
<b>Friday</b> 9
<b>Saturday</b> 10



A village journalist whizzing through the congested traffic of a downtown street to his office to write up the death of a cow.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

## JOHN BRIGHT

On July twenty-first, 1809, John Bright was born in England. He was noted for his great bulk and appetite. It was no uncommon thing for him to enter a restaurant and order fifty dollars' worth of ham and eggs. At his death Mr. Bright weighed 915 pounds, or sixty-four stone, jockey weight. He was buried in a boxcar.





# July

## THE CAREER OF PROFESSOR HARNER

BY MISS TAWNEY APPLE

Professor Clem Harner, the tireless and accommodating leader of the famous Brown County, Indiana, Cornet Band, is a graduate of that most severe of all training schools, the circus. Beginning early in life with the old time caravan he continued as a cornetist with a score of tented shows until the

fall of 1890, when he re-



PROF. HARNER IN ACTION

tired at Tombstone, Arizona. During his career with the sawdust arena, covering half a century, Mr. Harner says that the duties were so complex and varied that he only bathed three times and wrote home twice. His close application to the cornet has so hardened his lips that he can not drink from a glass or pronounce a word of more than one syllable. During a political rally some years ago at Vevay, Indiana, Mr. Harner's band serenaded United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge at his hotel. On this occasion the Senator appeared on the balcony and dispersed the players with a neat speech of fifty-five words.

**Sunday**  
11

**Monday**  
12

**Tuesday**  
13

**Wednesday**  
14

**Thursday**  
15

**Friday**  
16

**Saturday**  
17

## Abe Martin's Almanack

Broad rimmed black hats are still popular with Indians an' 'cello players.



It's cheaper t' marry a girl that can't play the pianner than it is t' do th' housework yourself.



Did you ever notice how relatives fight for th' custody of a rich uncle? An' th' more strokes he's had th' more bitter th' contest.



Mrs. Tilford Moots says that there's so many things she'd like t' have for Christmas that she don't know what t' git her husband.



Doctor Mopps says that calamity howlin' may be traced directly t' a condition o' th' liver although th' victim often attributes it t' th' times.



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# July

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A fool and his money are soon spotted.



A feller with a cold in th' head should never try t' talk with a pipe in his mouth.



No matter who or what you want t' find out in th' country you've always got t' go till you come t' a red schoolhouse an' then turn t' th' right.

Sunday 18
Monday 19
Tuesday 20
Wednesday 21
Thursday 22
Friday 23
Saturday 24

July 21, 1908—Army circles shocked.

## Abe Martin's Almanack

There's no harm in dancin' if you keep on dancin'.



It's easy t' work your way up in this country but it's hard on th' people you work.



They make maple syrup out o' corncobs that you can't tell from th' adulterated.



Pinky Kerr answered an advertisement t'day fer a second hand violinist t' play "Uncle Tom."



There's somethin' wrong with our prosperity when ever' woman that goes downtown t' buy a fall hat comes home undecided.

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# July

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Th' beauty o' balloon navigation is that you don't have t' wait in Galion, Ohio, while they change injines.



Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law says that his wife is either as mean as the dickens or havin' somethin' sent home on approval.

<b>Sunday</b> 25
<b>Monday</b> 26
<b>Tuesday</b> 27
<b>Wednesday</b> 28
<b>Thursday</b> 29
<b>Friday</b> 30
<b>Saturday</b> 31

## Abe Martin's Almanack

Beauty is only skin deep, but it's a valuable asset if you're poor or haven't any sense.



It's a useless expense t' send out weddin' invitations if you're goin' t' live with your wife's folks.

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# August

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**Sunday**  
1

**Monday**  
2

**Tuesday**  
3

**Wednesday**  
4

**Thursday**  
5

**Friday**  
6

**Saturday**  
7

August and ragweeds, hay fever takes hold,  
If you can't jingle money, you've just got a cold.

August is the car shortage month, and the merry songs of the harvest hands, as they drive out of town loaded down with jugs and plug tobacco, harmonize roughly with the peace and quiet of the lazy summer afternoon. It was believed by the Romans that the pre-eminent warmth of August had something to do with the rising and setting of the star Canicula—the Little Dog, therefore they conferred the name of Dog Days on the first eleven days of the month.



At eight o'clock, Friday morning, August third, 1492, Chris-

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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topher Columbus pushed away from the public landing at Palos, Spain, and later discovered America.

August sixth, 1623, Shakespeare's wife died; on the same date in 1848, a sea serpent was sighted off the Cape of Good Hope.

Some time during the month of August, 1593, Isaac Walton, the patron saint of fishermen, was born at Stafford, England.

August, 1794, the Duke of Sussex had his marriage annulled.

August fifteenth, 1738, Joe Miller, an actor and wit, passed to the dark beyond at St. Clement Dane's parish.

August, 1778, the Duke of Devonshire stopped the famous Festival of Tutbury after the police had allowed it to run unmolested for four hundred years.

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# August

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A feller should never lie about his salary t' th' girl he's goin' t' marry.



People that keeps their opinions t' themselves generally haven't got none.



Our new cannin' factory is advertisin' fer travelin' salesmen that don't play pool.

<b>Sunday</b> 8
<b>Monday</b> 9
<b>Tuesday</b> 10
<b>Wednesday</b> 11
<b>Thursday</b> 12
<b>Friday</b> 13
<b>Saturday</b> 14

August 11, 1908—Army circles shocked.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

A bad fittin' suit never wears out.



Th' feller that loses his head never seems t' miss it.



What has become o' th' good ole fashioned preacher that worked on th' side?



Speakin' o' women, Tell Binkley said you never heard a man say, "there's nothin' in town I'd wear."



Aunt Louisy Pash says th' delicate handiwork o' Jack Frost wuz plainly visible on her glass eye when she picked it up this mornin'.



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# August

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Dollar wheat is good fer th' farmer an' what's good fer th' farmer is good fer th' pianoly salesman.



All that's necessary t' be a good country pustmaster is two reliable bondsmen an' a willin'ness t' lick stamps fer women.



<b>Sunday</b> 15
<b>Monday</b> 16
<b>Tuesday</b> 17
<b>Wednesday</b> 18
<b>Thursday</b> 19
<b>Friday</b> 20
<b>Saturday</b> 21

Mrs. Tilford Moots give a kitchen shower fer her husband this mornin', one skillet strikin' him fair above the left eye.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

When in doubt ask th' editur o' th' woman's page.



Jist as soon as a feller gits attached t' a pair o' shoes they break on th' sides.



Many a man shines as a politician that ort t' be in th' rear ranks with a leaky torch.



Th' most affectin' scene in Prof. Alex Tansey's new drammer is where th' husband sells th' ole home t' buy a new set o' tires an' the wife goes back t' her folks.



Uncle Niles Turner got a pustal card t'day sayin' that his niece, who is eighty-nine years ole, had fallen an' hurt her spine. Owin' t' her advanced age th' doctor says she'll never be able t' skate agin, even if she does git up.

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# August

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Miss Tawney Apple is havin' her pale blue skirt evened up fer th' murder trial.



Some married men are happy an' others have t' go in thro' th' kitchen when it's muddy.



Young Lafe Bud says there's enough soft shoe dancers on th' vaudeville stage t' whip any nation on earth.



<b>Sunday</b> 22
<b>Monday</b> 23
<b>Tuesday</b> 24
<b>Wednesday</b> 25
<b>Thursday</b> 26
<b>Friday</b> 27
<b>Saturday</b> 28

Insurance Agent Tell Binkley has only wrote one policy since th' beginnin' o' th' panic, an' that wuz an accident.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

A feller with long whiskers hates t' carry a baby.



Th' country seems t' be flooded with smooth nickels an' counterfeit blondes.



In years t' come it's goin' t' be purty hard pickin' fer th' boy with nothin' but a five-cent the-ater education.



Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law is leadin' a double life. He chaws ter-backer an' his wife don't know it.



Doctor Mopps is gittin' up a secret cure fer th' "Jist fine" habit. You kin administer it secretly in a nut sundae or on a powder rag.

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# August

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A double Uncle Tom's Cabin Company is twice as bad.



Th' feller that takes lemonade soon gits drowned out o' th' conversation.



While th' popularity o' th' toupee has ruined th' skull cap industry it has greatly stimulated th' demand fer ole gray hosses.



Sunday 29
Monday 30
Tuesday 31

Professor Alex Tansey talks some o' makin' a tour o' the New England States this fall with a view o' writin' a Indianny novel.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Even th' Vanderbilts can't live happily t'gether.



Miss Tawney Apple's aunt has jist got a devorce on th' grounds o' desertion an' failure t' pervide. Her husband is a great fisherman.

# September



September, the month of the old county fair, "One more an' we'll start," is heard here and there.

When Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar he gave September a thirty-first day, which Augustus subsequently took from it, and so it has remained in ninth place with thirty days.



In September, 150-, Dick Tarleton was born of peasant origin. He was a well-known sixteenth century tavern keeper. His hostelry was not equipped with all of the flubdubs of the modern hotel, but he had several good outside rooms and never served float. Dick was a natural comedian and the

<b>Wednesday</b> 1
<b>Thursday</b> 2
<b>Friday</b> 3
<b>Saturday</b> 4



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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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dusty traveler commenced to laugh as soon as he took up the quill to register—often going into convulsions and dying before the ink was dry. His comedy flashes were the talk of the day.

At about the time Tarleton was at the height of his fame, Queen Elizabeth was having more trouble than an east-bound tramp. Busy, indeed, was she conspiring and counter-conspiring, directing the Armada, keeping a line on Mary and Babington and watching her political fences. One evening while she was standing in front of Tarleton's hotel, talking to a traveling salesman, the conversation led up to a hot one that Dick had pulled off a short time before in the billiard room. So pleased was she with the landlord's humor that she fixed it up with her friend to bring about an introduction to the noted wit, after which she arranged with Tarleton to brush up a lot of gags and entertain her daily during the evening meal for a handsome consideration, payable at the beginning of each week. Later, poor Tarleton went on the stage, but his career was cut short by the plague, he not getting the usual two weeks' notice. His wife, who was a high flyer, was not mentioned in his will.



September twenty-nine is Michaelmas Day. To eat a goose on this day, according to an old superstition, means that you will be prosperous for the whole of the ensuing year.



September twenty, 1815, William Hutton, the Birmingham, England, publisher, was born. Biography records scarcely a finer instance of industry and economy leading their



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# September

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possessor out of the most unpropitious circumstances to honor and affluence. Hutton's father was a man who could drink or leave it alone, so William was early set to work, walking fourteen miles to his task and carrying his dinner, which consisted of a cold buckwheat cake.

<b>Sunday</b> 5
<b>Monday</b> 6
<b>Tuesday</b> 7
<b>Wednesday</b> 8
<b>Thursday</b> 9
<b>Friday</b> 10
<b>Saturday</b> 11

September 8, 1908—Army circles shocked.

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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Th' Pash's have quit trading at Mat Angel's grocery. Mat told 'em he wuzn't keeping a diary.



Th' husband that uncomplainingly eats what's set before him may live more peacefully but not as long.



Some fellers think that 'cause their wife kin run a can opener successfully she's a wonderful housekeeper.



Tilford Moots' wife wuz down town t'day looking all pale an' run down. She's been kept close to home fer three weeks waitin' fer th' paper hangers t' show up.

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# September

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## RELATION OF THE TURNIP TO EARLY JOURNALISM IN INDIANA

BY HON. EX-EDITOR CALE FLUHART

The turnip played no unimportant part in the establishment of the newspaper in Indiana. I can remember very distinctly when the unnutritious vegetable readily passed as legal tender in the transactions attendant on the publication of a paper and it was no uncommon thing for a sturdy back-

woodsman or a thrifty squaw to enter my editorial sanctum jingling their tur-

nips and leaving their names for a year's subscription.



MR. FLUHART  
AS HE APPEARED WHEN  
THE FATE OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM  
HUNG IN THE  
BALANCE.

<b>Sunday</b> 12
<b>Monday</b> 13
<b>Tuesday</b> 14
<b>Wednesday</b> 15
<b>Thursday</b> 16
<b>Friday</b> 17
<b>Saturday</b> 18

✱

In 1830 I issued a neat pamphlet entitled, "Nine Uses of the Turnip," which sold readily for ten turnips per copy.

✱

It was no easy task in those days to print a paper that pleased the Indians. You might please a few of them part of the time and a part of them a few of the times, but it was really a triumph to print

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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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a nice, newsy sheet that thoroughly satisfied them any time. An Indian lady belonging to a prominent Mac-o-Chee family once publicly cow-hided me for failing to include her among a number of successful contestants at a scalping party.



The "Society and Personal" page had to be conducted with the greatest watchfulness, as much jealousy existed among the various Indian clubs.



The early Indiana editor manufactured his own type rollers, using a combination of New Orleans sorghum and glue.



In bringing a jug full of sorghum from New Orleans it was necessary to have an armed escort at great cost to insure prompt and safe delivery as the Indians were passionately fond of it, and a man suspected of having sorghum in his possession was soon marked.



The type rollers were made many thousands of feet under ground, and great precaution was taken to prevent the fumes of the boiling sorghum from penetrating the forest fastness. It was a process which called for much bravery and hardship.



The mechanical devices for printing a newspaper in the early twenties were primitive indeed. Once when my press broke down I had to wait almost two years for repairs to be brought across the mountains on pack mules. When overtaken by such catastrophes it was

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# September

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my rule to print the paper on a cider press, using a thick, black butter made from wild crab apples for ink.



In those days newsgathering facilities were practically unknown. I often held my press months at a time waiting for the flax quotations from Philadelphia, in which the Indians took deep interest.



One dark night in 1828, I was sitting in my sanctum counting turnips, when my attention was called to a light tap on the door. Suddenly it opened and I found myself looking into the bright razor-edged muzzle of a tomahawk held above the head of a tall, raw-boned, smooth-shaven Cherokee Indian. His eyes flashed fire and a strong odor of slumgullion hovered about him. He at once took a copy of last week's paper and pointed to a news item about an affair that had happened at West Liberty, Ohio, four years before. With great presence of mind I coldly reached for my editorial scissors and carefully clipped the article referred to and threw it into the waste basket. This pleased him mightily and he left turnips enough for two years' subscription and even ordered the paper sent regularly to a sister living in Iowa.



Speaking of the Indians' fondness for molasses reminds

<b>Sunday</b> 19
<b>Monday</b> 20
<b>Tuesday</b> 21
<b>Wednesday</b> 22
<b>Thursday</b> 23
<b>Friday</b> 24
<b>Saturday</b> 25

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# *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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me of the exasperating tricks sometimes played by them. They frequently gathered in the press room to watch the process of printing and I recall how my pressman would fly into a rage when he would find an Indian idly whittling a roller with his scalping knife and devouring the morsels with much pleasure and gusto.



In dealing with great national questions I invariably sought the counsel of the most influential Indian chiefs, thereby safeguarding myself against bodily injury and making many new subscribers.

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# September

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A word t' th' wise is unnecessary.



A burlesque troupe played at Melodeon Hall last night with five people an' a large chorus.



Tilford Moots' wife says that all she's ever got out o' twenty years o' married life wuz th' last word.



<b>Sunday</b> 26
<b>Monday</b> 27
<b>Tuesday</b> 28
<b>Wednesday</b> 29
<b>Thursday</b> 30

Th' farmer that talks o' sellin' out an' goin' West should remember that th' pictures in th' railroad books were taken in the summer.



# Abe Martin's Almanack

Speakin' o' bull luck, Lafe Bud ordered eggs at th' hut-tel yisterday an' they brought him steak.



Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart says that confidence is an intangible somethin' that only those who have somethin' t' sell are conscious of.



# October



Then comes October, mellow and brown,  
Farmer and pumpkins start early for town.

October is the yellow month  
and it is tinged with melancholia for several reasons which  
are thoroughly understood by  
the average salaried man.



October twenty-five is St. Crispin's Day. St. Crispin and his brother, Crispiman, toured France in 287, preaching the gospel in the daytime and making shoes at night.



**Friday**

**1**

**Saturday**

**2**

Harry Rowe, of York, was  
a character in his day who

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

---

lost no opportunity to get into the newspapers. He held a job around the courthouse for many years and played the B flat cornet in an orchestra. He also distinguished himself as a trumpeter at the battle of Culloden. Upon leaving the army he opened a puppet show and sold tickets with one hand and took them in with the other. He also posed as the author of Macbeth with fine success, his fellow townsmen not getting onto the fake until after his death. He went on a note for a friend and died in the poorhouse early in October, 1800. Some days after his death it was learned that the manuscript he carried about with him had been purchased from a candle snuffer at the old Globe Theater. However, Mr. Rowe really did write a musical comedy called "No Cure, No Pay," which caused much consternation among cancer specialists.



The evening of October thirty-one is Hal-lowe'en or Nut Crack Night. It is clearly a relic of pagan times but is still very popular. It is a night set apart for walking about and playing harmless pranks, such as placing the hotel omnibus on top of the Baptist church or plugging the milkman's pump. On this night, too, young maidens, wishing to know if their sweethearts are on the square or only romancing, try out all sorts of silly tests, such as going to bed with a fried egg in the right hand, or, upon disrobing for the night, to throw their rat over their left shoulder. Should it alight in the powder box, according to superstition the face of their true love will appear in a Peruna ad on the following day.

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# October

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Lodge work is th' only kind lots o' fellers ever tackle.



Nobuddy takes as much interest in his business as a pawnbroker.



Tipton Bud's nephew is gittin' t' be quite a man. He kin drink a glass o' water without takin' th' tobacco out o' his mouth.



Sunday 3
Monday 4
Tuesday 5
Wednesday 6
Thursday 7
Friday 8
Saturday 9

In discussin' our foreign exchange yisterday at Melodeon Hall, Miss Fawn Lippincut said that an American girl with money shouldn't have no more use fer a husband than a coun-try editur has fer a depot wagon.

## Abe Martin's Almanack

You'll allus find a retired farmer hangin' around a bank.



I don't see no advantage in home-grown strawberries at Tennessee prices.



Once in a long time some boy turns out well that wouldn't go t' school, but it's very rare.



Tell Binkley's nephew is home from college. He won the 220-yard dash, but he don't seem any brighter.



Some long-tongued women imagine ther popular when as a matter o' fact, folks er only afraid o' them.



One good thing about ownin' an auto is that you don't have t' climb up an' throw down a lot o' hay every night after you git back.

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# October

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It's purty hard t' act natural with a plug hat on.



Photography is a profession with some people an' disease with others.



Tilford Moots struck his wife yisterday an' now he's busy tryin' t' keep it out o' th' card clubs.

<b>Sunday</b> <b>10</b>
<b>Monday</b> <b>11</b>
<b>Tuesday</b> <b>12</b>
<b>Wednesday</b> <b>13</b>
<b>Thursday</b> <b>14</b>
<b>Friday</b> <b>15</b>
<b>Saturday</b> <b>16</b>

October 13, 1908 — Army circles shocked.

## Abe Martin's Almanack

If a tramp don't steal what he wants  
he asks fer it.



A sensible, dignified girl never attracts  
a feller that would rock a boat.



City folks would never know nothin'  
'bout George Washington's birthday if th'  
the-aters didn't boost th' matinee prices.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says that as fond  
as she is o' society she allus sets two even-  
in's aside fer herself durin' th' young  
onion season.



Young Lafe Bud will be married agin  
t'morrow. He et a hearty breakfast this  
mornin' an' spent an' hour with his  
preacher, but he shows no signs o'  
weakenin'.

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# October

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Nothin's ever said 'bout who paid fer th' coffee your mother used t' make.



A sensible woman in society is 'bout as much out o' place as a bow-legged man in a drill.



Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart lectured on th' "Moral Wave" at Melodeon Hall last night t' a well filled audience.



Sunday 17
Monday 18
Tuesday 19
Wednesday 20
Thursday 21
Friday 22
Saturday 23

One disadvantage 'bout livin' in a little town is that ever' time you poke your nose out o' th' door you see th' same blonde girl comin' out o' th' pustoffice.



# Abe Martin's Almanack

People still ask fer four seats on th' end o' th' sixth row.



It's purty hard t' make change fer a loaf o' bread with your mittens on.



Th' feller that asks if th' empty seat next t' you is occupied still travels.



You kin git a purty fair idea of a feller by his location in a group photergraf.



Lettin' th' other feller worry 'bout your debts is one o' th' most popular brands o' optimism.



Prof. Clem Harner is a liberal feller. If he's got three se-gars he smokes one an' keeps two himself.



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# October

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You kin tell purty much about a new acquaintance by th' people he asks about.



A girl with a retreatin' chin should never wear a bow on th' back o' her neck.



Constable Newt Plum's married daughter treated her hired girl like one o' th' family an' she quit.



<b>Sunday</b> 24-31
<b>Monday</b> 25
<b>Tuesday</b> 26
<b>Wednesday</b> 27
<b>Thursday</b> 28
<b>Friday</b> 29
<b>Saturday</b> 30

Miss Fawn Lippincut did not sing at th' social last night. She's takin' vocal by mail an' th' pustoffice closed before she got down town.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Politics makes strange bed fellers an'  
ruins lots o' hut-tel carpets.



Miss Germ Williams is jist a natural  
born artist an' draws portraits on ruled  
paper so she kin keep th' ears even.

# November



Leafless November, elections galore,  
Jubilant candidates and candidates  
sore.

**Monday**  
1

November was styled by the  
ancient Saxons Wind-Monat,  
or Wind Month.

**Tuesday**  
2



**Wednesday**  
3

The first Tuesday after the  
first Monday in November is  
an election day of some sort  
in practically every city and  
hamlet in the Union.

**Thursday**  
4



**Friday**  
5

**Saturday**  
6

In closely contested rural  
districts an American election  
is a beautiful affair. Red-nosed  
grafters fix up deals in the box  
stall at the livery stable; stern-  
visaged inspectors pace to and

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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fro in front of the voting places; excited men with faces flushed with strong drink run in and out of the alleys; repeaters steal along in the shadows of the buildings; long-legged newspaper reporters rush from one precinct to another, eager for any figures that will forecast the result; tottering old men are rushed to the polls in conveyances of every description; clean cut business men walk to their homes on the opposite side of the street; broad shouldered marshals with dyed mustaches and dangerous looking canes stand with their backs to the saloons while the work of electing a clean ticket proceeds.

After the last dollar has been placed in the hand of the independent voter and the last beer keg tipped on end the polls close and the task of counting up and throwing out proceeds. Early in the evening the populace begins to gather in the criminal court room or the opera hall to hear the returns read aloud. Frequently "grapevines" are freely interspersed, adding much good-natured fun to the pandemonium and causing many really beaten reform candidates to remain up until a late hour.



The festival of Thanksgiving comes down the centuries from the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth, and was instituted by Governor Bradford, November, 1621, in gratitude for a good harvest and the safe arrival of ships from England with supplies. In 1862 the proclamation of President Lincoln made it a national festival, and fixed the date as the last Thursday in November.

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# November

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After you break a dollar it haint long till you're borrowin' agin.



It's purty hard t' think that ever'thing is fer th' best when it rains on circus day.



Country women still scare at ortomobiles but ther hosses scarcely notice 'em any more.

Sunday 7
Monday 8
Tuesday 9
Wednesday 10
Thursday 11
Friday 12
Saturday 13



It don't look very good fer th' steady revival o' business t' see th' newspapers filled with recipes fer creamed carrots.

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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"Barn storms" are caused by excessive walkin' an' irregular eatin'.



It's purty hard t' choose between woolen underwear an' buckwheat cakes.



Tilford Moots' niece is visitin' him from Paris, Illinoy. I guess Paris is quite a town. She says "Way Down East" has been there eight times an' Bryan five.



Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law up at Indynoplus has opened a cut-rate meat shop fer salaried people.



Lots o' things go like hot cakes that are just as fer reachin' in their bad effects.

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# November

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Two purty girls soon fall out.



When a witness breaks down an' th' defendant weeps, justice generally loses out.



No woman ever laces so tight she can't eat two dollars' worth after th' show.



Sunday 14
Monday 15
Tuesday 16
Wednesday 17
Thursday 18
Friday 19
Saturday 20

It haint no trouble t' git along with a woman if you leave your opinion on the gate pust with your pipe.



# Abe Martin's Almanack

Th' merry widder's husband must a been insured.



A candidate give Uncle Ez Pash a reg'lar ten-cent se-gar t'other day—but it wuz broke.



When Mrs. Tilford Moots wants somethin' she can't git she allus says she'd rather invest th' money in somethin' else.



Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law an' his wife occupy one-half of a four-room flat an' th' radiators occupy th' other half.



Tell Binkley got a campaign se-gar at Shelbyville t'other day that wuz so hard he had t' rub th' end off on a stone window sill.



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# November

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Some fellers git credit fer bein' conservative when ther only afeerd o' hurtin' ther business.



Some girls paint an' others have a straight flush.



All th' world loves a lover except th' girl's father.

<b>Sunday</b> 21
<b>Monday</b> 22
<b>Tuesday</b> 23
<b>Wednesday</b> 24
<b>Thursday</b> 25
<b>Friday</b> 26
<b>Saturday</b> 27

November 24, 1908—Army circles shocked.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

A populist candidate gits th' straw vote.



Th' best absent treatment is a letter full o' money.



A long tongued dressmaker never gits th' June orders.



Nobuddy is as helpless as a confirmed batchelor after his mother dies.



A counter irritant is a feller that has jist paid fer a one-rib roast.



'Bout th' only thing long whiskers er good fer is t' hide Christmus neckties.



Constable Newt Plum will vote th' Dimmycratic ticket this fall jist out o' curiosity.

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# November

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Enforced idleness an' a pleasant wife  
jist suits some fellers.



Th' trouble 'bout a baby in th' house  
is havin' t' read down town.



I'll bet th' hardest thing 'bout prize  
fightin' is pickin' up yer teeth with a  
boxin' glove on.



Sunday 28
Monday 29
Tuesday 30

Th' financial scare has  
caused so many folks down  
our way t' bury ther money  
that th' township looks like  
a prairie dog village.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Th' ingredients used in makin' a good resolution don't cost nothin' an' anything that don't cost nothin' soon rubs off.



Tilford Moots' niece from Clyde, Ohio, has took down sick at his home. She is a mute, so they sent fer a hoss doctor.

# December



Snowy December sweet Christmas-time brings,  
Cheap manicure sets and bright, phony rings.

Dark December brings with him the shortest day and the longest night. The Germans love to speak of this month as Christmonat.

Wednesday

1

Thursday

2

Friday

3

Saturday

4

Johann Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart, the composer, died in December, 1792, at the age of thirty-six. While yet in his mother's arms young Mozart could and did play the accordion. At the age of four years he composed little airs that were quickly caught up and whistled broadcast. The sensibility of his organs appears

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## *Abe Martin's Almanack*

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to have been excessive—one bum note and he would slam the door and throw a fit on the lawn. The blast of a trombone was particularly irritating to him, invariably causing him to crawl under a bureau and there remain until the parade was out of sight. He was a marvelous piano player and easily the musical wonder of Europe. When a mere babe his father carried him about the country, exhibiting him and keeping the money. At Milan, 1770, an opera composed by Mozart at the age of fourteen was produced and given a run of twenty nights. He played the piano so constantly that his hands became useless when employed in any other way, consequently he was as much of a charge as an emotional actress.



On December twenty-fourth comes Christmas eve—the eve before Christmas. It is then that the finishing touches are put on the great preparations for the gladdest festival of all the year.



The odor of a new toy brings back all the memories of childhood at Christmas time. The little stocking hanging from the mantelshelf; our joys and disappointments; our firm belief in Santa Claus and our wonder over how he ever reached the roof with his sledge and how he could manage to get through the chimney with his enormous pack; how our mothers settled these vexatious questions to our full satisfaction, and when, at last, some boy at school exploded the whole illusion, how chagrined we felt.



With the joyous Christmas season comes a longing that fills the breasts of countless

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# December

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thousands—a longing to be back home again. Even to him who has long been lost to its sweet influences, to the most abject and pitiful wanderer, come visions of a happy childhood, heart-choking recollections of someone near and dear back in the mist of years—an irresistible desire to be back again, somewhere, some place.



What is more beautiful than a Christmas reunion at home where the hand of death has been merciful and the little flock, scattered for years, gathers again under the old roof—mother, father and all the children?



<b>Sunday</b> <b>5</b>
<b>Monday</b> <b>6</b>
<b>Tuesday</b> <b>7</b>
<b>Wednesday</b> <b>8</b>
<b>Thursday</b> <b>9</b>
<b>Friday</b> <b>10</b>
<b>Saturday</b> <b>11</b>

You have been in the West for years and it has been a constant struggle for existence. You are on the road home for Christmas and you are bringing a young wife with you—Annie. The railroad fare has cost all that you have been able to save, but how happy you are! Annie wonders if your mother will like her and how your brothers and sisters will look. You gather your bags and parcels together and put on your wraps many miles from your destination, so eager are you. How slow the train runs! A tired looking woman, dressed in dingy black, with two small, sticky children, sits just across the aisle from you. They are imbedded in empty paper bags and orange peelings, and the mother's hair is



# Abe Martin's Almanack

coming down. The forlorn looking trio was put aboard the train 'way back in Nebraska by a rough, sullen looking man who did not even kiss the little ones good-bye or utter one single gentle word to the woman. Annie wonders where they are going and if anyone will be glad to see them. At last you reach your destination and your father pushes his way through the crowd of curious, felt-booted villagers to greet you. Father has not changed much. A little dash of white here and there in his shaggy whiskers, and the shoulders of his overcoat have turned a yellowish brown, but he is still strong and hearty.

The old surrey is hitched behind the grain elevator where Lizzie can't see the cars. You all climb in and are soon rolling along the rough country road. You notice so many changes in the advertisements on the barns. The tall oaks that stood about Hiram Green's house have been cut away and sold. There are no doors or windows in the old Williams home—the folks are all dead and gone. A sudden turn in the road and you can see your home nestled among the cedars on the hill. A woman is walking slowly down the hill. As you draw near you notice how white and frail she looks, how thin and unsteady her hand is as she unfastens the gate. It is your mother. She wanted to be the first to embrace you. Presently your brothers and sister are about you, and what a welcome! Annie feels easier now. You all walk up the hill to the house—a tall, thin, unpainted house with a summer kitchen, but the curtains are as white as the driven snow.



Brother Jim doesn't look very prosperous, and when he awkwardly bends over you and whispers that "your wife is all right," you



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# December

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catch a faint odor of cloves. Poor Jim has always been mother's favorite. You can't quite figure out sister Nell's hair, but she strikes you as being a stunning looking woman. Nell is a trimmer in the city and she does the buying at the Spring and Fall displays. She opens Annie's eyes when she tells of the wonderful profits on flowers and feathers. Brother Henry has told his house some sort of a story in order to get home from Duluth to reunite. Henry is your father's favorite and travels on the road and gets a salary and a commission, too. He belongs to all the lodges and looks fine and single. He tells your father that he is going to take him down East some time and show him a few things, but father only laughs.



**Sunday**

**12**

**Monday**

**13**

**Tuesday**

**14**

**Wednesday**

**15**

**Thursday**

**16**

**Friday**

**17**

**Saturday**

**18**

You take a peep in the parlor and the old musty smell is still there. Nothing has been changed since the children went away. The glass cane is in its accustomed corner near the column stove and the curious little box made of varnished peach seeds still sets off the center table. How it caught your eye when you were a child! You open it, and on the underside of the lid, protected by glass, is a lock of chestnut hair—your mother's hair. The odd cabinet contains old, faded daguerreotypes in clumsy cases, held secure by brass hooks. You gently close the door and join the family. The heat from the sitting-room fireplace has had its

# Abe Martin's Almanack

effect on Jim and he sleeps peacefully on the padded settee. You all go in to dinner without him.



The old, two-leaf table can scarcely stand under the weight of dark colored preserves in heavy glass dishes of primitive design. The same big blue tureen with which your mother went into business is on the board filled with mashed potatoes. The castor and the bone-handled butter knife—every familiar object, everything you used to like, is there. You are eating at home again.



After dinner you all walk out to the barn, father ahead, to see the new calf—all except mother. By three o'clock she has the dining-room and kitchen "tidied" and slowly climbs up stairs to her room for a little rest—the same low, back bedroom, overlooking the currant bushes and the smokehouse.



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# December

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Two is company an' three is relatives.



Dr. Mopps ordered a change o' climate fer Miss Tawney Apple but up t' noon it hadn't come.



No wonder th' girl that's with th' same feller four er five nights a week allus wants t' waltz with somebuddy else.

<b>Sunday</b> <b>19</b>
<b>Monday</b> <b>20</b>
<b>Tuesday</b> <b>21</b>
<b>Wednesday</b> <b>22</b>
<b>Thursday</b> <b>23</b>
<b>Friday</b> <b>24</b>
<b>Saturday</b> <b>25</b>

December 22, 1908—Army circles shocked.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Th' day is gone by when you had t'  
lead a girl t' th' altar.



Dock Mopps injured his spine by  
steppin' in a money hole Saturday.



Th' boarders at th' New Palace hut-tel  
are gittin' up a blanket remonstrance.



You kin generally tell how guilty a  
feller is by th' sort o' lawyer he hires.



Toadyin' after somebuddy that's influ-  
ential is a never failin' sign o' inferiority.



Married life haint so bad after you git  
so you kin eat th' things your wife likes.



A woman never asks her husband  
how he likes her hat 'till it's too late t'  
kick.

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# December

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One swallow kin not make a Spring  
but three blonde milliners kin.



A long haired leader is never stingy  
with his music.



It sometimes happens that our most  
earnest party workers are fellers that  
have t' move so often they never git t'  
vote.



Sunday 26
Monday 27
Tuesday 28
Wednesday 29
Thursday 30
Friday 31

No matter how unap-  
proachable a feller's char-  
acter may be he never  
hesitates t' ride on some-  
buddy else's transfer or  
add two or three thousand  
t' th' population o' his home  
town.

# Abe Martin's Almanack

Most husbands are silent partners.



Every girl would like t' be fat no matter what she says.



A feller that leads a twenty-payment life generally welcomes th' end.



True contentment consists in not worrying about th' first of each month.



Ther buryin' th' wires at Boonville, Indianny, on account o' th' merry widder hats.



I don't see what some o' our spring candidates expect to gain by havin' their pictures printed.



While talking 'bout th' stage last night at th' harness shop Clem Harner said he'd never fergit ole Fogg's Ferry 'cause he paid t' git in.

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